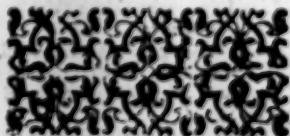


S T R A N G E
H I S T O R I E S,
Of Kings, Princes, Dukes
Earles, Lords, Ladies, Knights,
and Gentlemen.

*With the great troubles and miseries of the
Dutches of Suffolke.*

Verie pleasant either to bee read or
sung, and a most excellent war-
ning for all estates.



L O N D O N

Printed by William Barley, the assignee
of T. M. and are to be sold at his
shop in Gracious streets,

1 6 0 3.

Cum Privilegio.



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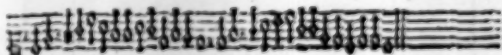
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Strange Histories.

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men with long tayles, whereby they kept
their ancient Lawes and Customes, which
William the Conquerer sought to take from
them.

Cant. I.



On to the tune of Rogers.

When as the Duke of Normandie,
With glistering speare and shield:
Had entred into faire England,
and toild his foes in field,
On Christmas day in solemne soyt,
then was he crowned heere,
By Albert Archbishop of Yorke,
With many a noble Peere.

Which being done he changed quite,
the customes of this land:
And punisht such as dauly sought,
his statutes to withstand.
And many Citiees he subdude,
faire London with the rest:
But Kent did still withstand his force,
which did his lawes detest.

So Dover then he toke his way,
the Castle downe to sing:
Which Truiragus builded there,
the noble Brutaine king:

Strange Histories.

7.

Which when the bane Arch-Bishop bolde,
of Canterburie knew:
The Abbot of M. Duffines che,
with all their gallant crue.

They set themselves in armour bright
these mischances to prevent:
With all the yeomen bane and bold,
that were in fruitfull Kent.
At Canterburie did they meete,
upon a certaine day:
With swoord and speare with bill and bowe,
and stopp the conquerers way.

Let vs not liue like bondmen poore,
to Frenchmen in their poore
But keepe our ancient libertie,
what chanced so eue betide.
And rather die in bloudie field
in manlike courage prest:
Then to endure the seruile yoke,
which we so much detest.

Thus did the Gentill Commons crye,
unto their leaders still:
And so march forth in warlike sort,
and stand at Swancombe hill.
Where in the woods they hid themselves,
under the shade greene,
Therby to get them ventrage good,
of all their foes vaine.

And for the Conquerours coming there,
they gently laid waite:
And therby suddainely appaile,
his lofty high conceite.
For when they saw his approach,
in place as they did stand:

Chm

Strange Histories.

Then marched they to hem him in,
each on a bow in hand.

So that unto the conquerers sight,
shayed as he stood

They seemd to be a walking grove,
or els a moving wood.

The shape of men he could not see,
the women did hide them so:

And now his hart with feare did quake,
to see a forest goe.

Before, behind, and on each side,
as he did cast his eye:

He spide these women with sober pace,
approch to him full nye.

But when the gentishmen had thus,
inclos'd the conquerer round;

Most suddenly they drew their swords,
and threw the bowes to ground.

There banners they displaid in sight,
there Trumpets sound a charge.

There rattling Dynammes bricken up a larme,
there troupes stretch out at large.

The Conquerour with all his traine
were heretofore againe:

And most in perill when he thought,
all perill had bene past.

Unto the gentish men he sent,
the cause to understand:

For what intent and for what cause,
they take this heere in hand.

To whom they make this their replye,
for libertie we fight:

And to enjoy M. Edwards' lawe,
the which we hold our right.

Strange Histories.

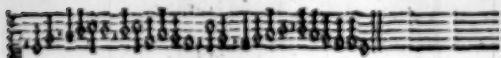
Then said the dreadfull conquerer,
you shall haue what you will:
Your ancient customes and your lawes,
so that you will be still:
And each thing els that you will craue,
with reason at my hand,
So you will but acknowledge me,
chiefe King of faire England,

The kentishmen agreed here on,
and laid their armes aside:
And by this meanes King Edwards lawes,
in Kent do still abide,
And in no place in England els,
those customes do remaine:
Which they by manly policie,
did of Duke William gaine.

FINIS,

¶ How King Henry the first had his children
drowned in the sea, as they came out of france,

Cant. I I.



Or to the tune of the Ladies daughter.

After our royall King,
had foild his foes in France:
And spent the pleasant spring,
his honor to aduance.
Into faire England he returnde,
with fame and victorie:
What time the subjects of his land,
receiued him ioyfully,

But

Strange Historie

But at his home returns,
his children left he still:
In France for to Colougne
to purchase learned skill.
Duke William with his brother deare,
Lord Richard was his name:
Which was the Earle of Chester then,
who thirled after same.

The Kings faire daughter she,
the Ladie Marie bright:
With diuers noble Peeres,
and manie a hardie Knight,
All those were left together there,
in pleasure and delight:
When that our King to England came,
after the bloudie fight.

But when faire Floz had,
dya wne forþ her treasures dyde
That winter colde and sad,
with hoarie head dya wele.
Those Princes all with one consent,
prepared all things meett:
To passe the seas for faire England,
whose light to them was west.

To England let vs he,
thus euert one did say,
For Christmas dya wech he,
no longer let vs stay.
But spend the merris Christmas tyme,
within our fathers court:
Where Ladie pleasure doth attend,
with manie a Princely spoyr.

To see these Princes went,
fulfilled with mirth and ioye,
But

Strange Histories.

But this their meriment,
did turne to deare annoy.
The Saylor and the shipmen all,
through foule excess of wine,
Were so disguised that at the sea,
They shewd themselves like swine,

The sterne no man could guide,
the master sleeping lay,
The saylers all beside,
went reeling euerie way.
So that the ship at ramble roode,
Upon the fanning flood,
Whereby in pe. ll of their times,
the Princes alwayes rood.

Which made distilling teares,
from their satre eyes to fall:
Their heartes were filld with feares,
no helpe they had at all.
They wist themselves vpon the land,
a thousand times and more.
And at the last they came in sight,
of Englands pleasant shore.

Then euery one began,
to turne their sightes to smiles:
There countours pale and wan,
a cheerefull looke exiles.
The princely Rixden most longingly,
their Ladies do embrace:
For now in England shall we be,
quoth they in litle space.

Take comfort now they said,
behold the land at last:
Then be no more dismayd,

Strange Histories.

the worst is gone and past,
But while they did this ioyfull hope,
With comfort entertaine:
The goodly ship vpon a rocke,
on suddaine burst in twaine.

With that a grievous screeke,
among them there was made,
And every one did seeke
on something to be staide.
But all in vaine such helpe they sought,
the ship so soone did sinke:
That in the sea they were constraind,
to take their latest drinke.

There might you see the Lords,
and Ladies for to lie:
Smidst the salt sea foame,
with manie a grievous crie:
Still labouring for their liues defence,
with stretched armes abroad:
And lifting vp their killie handes,
for helpe with one accorde

But as good fortune would,
the sweet yong Duke did get,
Into the Cock-boat then,
where safely he did sit.
But when he heard his sister crie,
the Kings faire daughter deere,
He turnd his boat to take her in,
whose death did draw so neere.

But while he stroue to take,
his sweet yong sister in:
The rest such shift did make.
in hee as they did swimme.

That

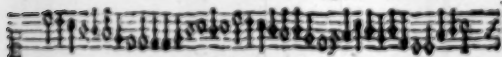
Strange Histories.

That to the boate a number got,
so many that at last:
The boate and all that were therein,
was drownd and ouercast.

Of Lords and Gentlemen,
and Ladies faire of face;
Not one escaped then,
which was a heauie case
Therescorpe and ten were drownd in all,
and none escaped death,
But one poore Dutchee which had swome,
himsellic quite out of breath.

This was most heauie newes,
vnto our comly King:
Who did all mirth refuse,
this word when they did bring
For by this meanes no child he had,
his kingdome to succede:
Whereby his Sisters Sonne was King,
as you shall plainly reade.

The Dutchesse of Suffolkes Calamitie,



Or to the tune of: Quene Dido.



When God had taken for our sinne,
that prudent Prince K. Edward away:
Then bloudie Bonner did begin,
his raging mallice to be wip:
I hope that did the Gospell professe,
he persecuted moze or lesse.

Thus

Strange Histories.

Thus when the Rord on his did lower,
 many in prison did he throve:
 Tormenting them in Lollards tower,
 Whereby they might the truth forgoe:
 Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
 Were burnt in fire, that Christ profess:

Smithfield was then with faggots tyld,
 and many places more beside:
 St Couentry was Sanders hild,
 at Gloster like good Hooper dyed:
 And to escape this bloudie day,
 beyond seas many fled away.

Among the rest that sought reliefe,
 and for their faith in danger stood:
 Lady ELIZABETH was chiefe.
 King Henries daughter of royall bloud:
 Which in the tower prisoner did lye,
 Looking each day when she should dye.

The Dutches of Suffolke seeing this,
 whose life likewise the Tyrant sought;
 Who in the hope of heavenly blisse,
 which in Gods word her comfort wrought:
 For feare of death was faine to flye,
 and leaue her house most secretly.

That for the loue of Christ alone,
 her landes and goodes she left behinde:
 Seeking still for that precious stone,
 the word of truth so rare to finde.
 She with her nurse, her husband and childe,
 in pryce aray their sights beguild.

Thus through London they past along,
 each one did take a severall strete:

Thus

Strange histories.

Thus all unknowne, escaping wrong,
at Billingsgate they all did meete
Like people people in Grauesend Barge,
they simply went with all their charge.

And all along from Grauesend Towne,
with ease iourneis on foote they went:
Into the sea coast they came downe,
to passe the seas was their intent:
And God provided so that day,
That they took Ship and saild away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind,
in Flaunders safe they did arriue.
This was to their great ease of mind
which from their hearts much woe did bryue,
And so with thanks to God on hie,
They took their way to Germanie.

Thus as they traueild thus disguise,
vpon the hie woe suddenly:
By cruell thames they were surpris'd,
assailing their small company:
And all their treasure and their store
They took away, and beat them sore.

The Nurse in midst of their sight,
laide downe the childe vpon the ground:
She ran away out of their sight,
and neuer after that was found:
Then did the Dutches make great mone,
With her good husband all alone.

The thames had there their boyles kilde,
and all their money quite had took:
The pretty babe almost spild,
was by their Nurse likewise forsooke:

7
Strange Histories.

And they farre from friends did stand,
all succourlesse in a strange land.

The skies likewise began to scowle,
it haile and rainde in pittious sozt:
The way was long and wonderous foule,
then may I full well reposit
Their griefe and sorow was not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometime the Dutchesse boze the child,
as wet as euer she could be,
And when the Labie kinde and milde
was wearie, then the childe boze her:
And thus they one another easde,
and with their fortunes were well please.

And after many wearied stppes,
all wet: shod both in dyt and myre:
After much griefe their heart it leapes,
for labour both some rest require,
I to wne befoze them they did see.
but lodgd therein they could not be.

from house to house they both did goe,
seeking where they that night might lie,
But want of money was their woe,
and still the babe with colde did crye.
With cap and knee they courtsey make,
But none on them would pitie take.

Loe here a Princesse of great blood
doth pray a Peasant for reliefe:
With teares bedewd as she stood,
yet few or none regards her griefe:
Her speech they could not vnderstand,
But gaue her a penny in her hand.

And

When

Strange Histories,

When all in vaine the paines was spent,
and that they could not house=^{come} get;
Into a Church=^{porch} then they went,
to stand out of the raine and wet:
Then said the Duchesse to her deare,
O that we had some fire here.

Then did her husband so provide,
that fire and coales he got with speed:
Shee sat downe by the fires side,
to heale her daughter that had need:
And while she dreit it in her lap,
her husband made the Infant pap.

Inon the Sexten this he came,
and finding them there by the fire:
The drunken knave all boyde of shame,
to dye them out was his desire:
And spurning forth this noble Dame,
her husbands wrath it did inflame:

And all in furie as he stood,
he wounding the Church keyes out of his hand:
And strooke him so that all of bloud,
his head ran downe where he did stand.
Wherefoze the Sexten presently,
for helpe and aide aloud did crye,

Then came the Officers in hast,
and toke the Duchesse and her child,
And with her husband thus they past,
like Lambs to see with Tigers wilde:
And to the Governour were they brought,
who vnderstand them not in ought

Then Master Bartue braue and bolde,
in Latine made a gallant speech,

which

8
Strange Histories.

Which all their miserie did vnfolde,
and their high honour did relach:
With that a Doctor, sitting by,
did know the Dutcheſſe preſently.

And thereupon ariſing ſtraight,
With winde abaſhed at this ſight
Unto them all that there did waight,
he thus brake forth in words aright:
Beholde within your ſight quoth he,
a Princeſſe of moſt high degree.

With that the Governour and the reſt,
were all amazed the ſame to heare,
And welcomed theſe new come gueſts,
With reverence great and princely cheare:
And afterwarde conueyde they were,
vnto their friend Prince Caſſimere.

And ſonne ſhe had in Germanie,
Peregrine Bartue cald by name:
Surnamde the good Lord VVillobie:
of courage great and worthy fame.
Her Daughter young which with her went,
was afterward Counteſſe of Kent.

For when Queene Marie was deceaſt,
the Dutcheſſe home returnd againe:
Who was of ſorrow quite releaſt.
by Queene Elizabethes happie raigns
For whoſe life and proſperitie,
We may all pray continually,

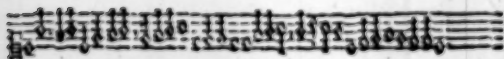
FINIS.

which

Strange Histories.

How King Henry the second crowning his
Sonne king of England, in his owne life time,
was by him most grieuouſly vexed with warres:
whereby he went about to take his Fathers
Crowne quite from him. And how at his death
he repented him thereof, and asked his Father
hartily forgiueneſſe.

Cant. III.



D, to the tune of Wygmore Galliard.

You parents whose affection ſonnd,
vnto your children both appeare:
Marke well the ſtoorie now in hand.
Wherin you ſhall great matters here.
And learne by this which ſhalbe tolde,
to holde your children ſtill in awe:
Leaſt otherwiſe they growe too bolde,
and let not by your ſtate a ſtraue.

King Henrie ſecond of that name,
ſo; verie lone that he did beare:
Vnto his ſonne, whole courteous ſame,
did through the land his credite reare.
Did call the Prince vpon a day.
vnto the court in roſall ſort:
I tryed in moſt rich aray,
and there he made him Princely ſport.

ng his
time,
arres:
athers
death
Father

Strange Histories.

And afterward he tooke in hand,
for feare he should be deined he:
To crowne him king of faire England,
while life possesse his Maieitie.
What time the king in humble sort,
like to a subiect waited then:
Upon his Sonne, and by request
swore vnto him his Nobles-men.

And by this meanes in England now,
two kings at once together liue.
But lordly rule will not allow
in partnership their daies to diue.
The Sonne therefore ambitiously,
both seek to pull his father downe,
By bloudie warre and subtiltie,
to take from him his princely crowne.

With I am king thus did he say,
why should I not both rule and raigne:
My heart disdaines for to obey.
yea all or nothing will I gaine.
Whereon he raiseth armies great,
and drawes a number to his part:
His fathers force downe right to beat.
and by his speare to pearce his hart.

In senen set battles both he fight,
against his louing father deare:
To ouerthrow him in despight,
to win himselfe a kingdom cleare.
But naught at all could he preuaile,
his armie alwaies had the worst:
Such griefe did then his hart assaile,
he thought himselfe of God accurs.

And

3

And

Strange Histories.

And therefore falling wondrous sick,
he humbly to his Father sent:
The woyme of conscience did him prick,
and his vile beddes beddiment
Requiring that his noble grace,
would now forgive all that was past:
And come to him in beaute case,
bring at poynt to death his last.

When this word came unto our king,
the newes did make him wondrous woer:
And unto unto him he sent his King,
where he in person would not goe:
Commend me to my Sonne he said,
so sick in bed as he hath lye:
And tell him I am well aside,
to heare he hath for mercie crye:

The Lord forgive his foule offence,
and I forgive them all quoth he:
his euill with good Ile recompence,
beare him this message now from me,
When that the Prince did see this ring,
he kissed it in teyfull wise
And for his faultes his hands did wring,
while bitter-teares gush from his eyes

Then to his Lords that stood him nye,
with teble voyce then did he call:
Desiring them immediately,
to strip him from his garments all.
Take off from me these robes so rich,
and lay me in a cloth of haire:
A noth be my grievous signes are such,
hell fires flame I greatly feare.

Strange Histories.

I hempon halter then he took,
about his neck he put the same:
And with a grievous pittious look,
this speech vnto them did he frame,
You reuerend Bishops moze and lesse,
pray for my soule to God on hys
For like a theefe I do confesse,
I haue deserued for to dye.

And therefore by this halter here,
I yeld my selfe vnto you all:
I wretch vnworthie to appeere,
beseech my God celestiall.
Therefore within your hempt d hed,
all stricwd w albes as it is:
Let me be laid when I am dead,
and bapw me therewnto by this.

Yea by this halter strong and tough,
dragge swith my carcasle to the same:
Yet is that couch not bad enough.
for my vile wdie swapt in shame.
And when you see me lye along,
bepowdered in albes there:
Say there is he that did such wrong,
vnto his father euerie where.

And with that word he breath'd his last,
wherefore according to his mind:
They bapw him by the necke full fast
vnto the place to him assignd.
And afterward in solemne sort,
at Roan in Fraunce buried was he:
Where many Princes did resort,
to his most royall obsequie.

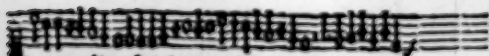
Strange Histories.

¶ The Imprisonment of Queene Elenor,
wife to King Henrie the second.

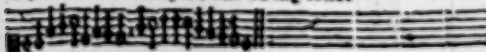
The Argument.

¶ The imprisonment of Queene Elenor, wife to King Henrie the second, by whose meanes the Kings sonnes so vnnaturally rebelled against their father. And her lamentation, being sixteene yeares in prison, whom her sonne Richard when he came to be King, releas'd, and how at her deliuerance, she caused many prisoners to be set at libertie.

Cant. I I I I



O, come live with me and be my love.



*T*hence wee is me unhappy I came,
thus to offend my princely Raigne:
My fault offence too plaine to looke,
and of good people most abhoyd:
I doe confesse my fault it was,
these bloudie warres can this to passe.

Strange Histories.

My jealous mind hath wrought my woe,
let all good Ladies shun mistrust:
My enue wrought my overthrow,
and by my mallice most vnjust.
My Sonnes did take their fathers life,
by bloudie warres and cruell strife,

What more unkindnesse could be shewne
to any Prince of high renoun:
Then by his Queene and loue alone,
to stand in danger of his Crowne.
For this offence most worthily
in dolefull prison doe I lye.

But that which most tormentes my mind,
and makes my grievous heart complain
Is for to thinke that most unkind,
I brought my selfe in such disdain:
That now the king cannot abide
I should be lodged by his side.

In dolefull prison I am cast,
debarred of princely company:
The kings god will quite haue I lost,
and purchast nought but infamy:
And neuer must I see him more,
whose absence grines my hart full sore.

Full sixtene winters haue I bene
imprisoned in the dungeon darke:
Wherby my loyes are wasted cleane,
where my poore eys haue learned to wepe.
And neuer since I could attaine,
his kingly loue to me againe.

Strange Histories,

To much indeed I must confesse,
I did abuse his royall grace:
And by my great malitiousnesse,
his wrong I wrought in euery place.
And thus his love I turnde to hate,
which I repent but all too late.

Sweete Rosemond that was so faire,
out of her curious bower I brought,
Spoyled cup I gaue her there,
whereby her death was quickly wrought.
The which I did with all despight,
because she was the Kings delight.

Thus often did the Queene lament,
as she in prison long did lie.
Her former deedes she did repent:
With many a watrie weeping eye:
But at the last this newes was spied,
the King was on a suddaine dead:

But when she heard this tydings tolde,
most bitterly she mourned then:
Her wofull heart she did vnfolde,
in sight of many Noble men.
And her sonne Richard being King,
from dolefull prison did he bring.

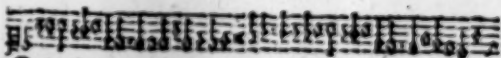
Who set her for to rule the land,
while to Ierusalem he went:
And while she had this charge in hand,
her care was great in gouernment.
And many a prisoner then in holde,
she set at large from prions tolde.

The

Strange Histories.

The lamentable death of King Iohn, how
he was poysoned in the Abbey at Swinsted, by
a false Fryer.

Cant. V.



On to the tune of Fortune.



A Trecherous deeds forthwith I shall you tell,
Which on King Iohn upon a sudden fell:
At Lincoln here proceeding on his way,
At Swinestead Abby, one whole night he lay.

There did the King oppose his welcome good,
But much deceit lyes under an Abbots hood.
There did the King himselfe in safetie thinke,
But there the King receiued his latest drinke.

Great cheare they made vnto his royall grace,
While he remained a guest within that place.
But while they smiled and laughed in his sight,
They wrought great treason, shadowed with delight

A flat faced Monke comes with a glosing tale,
To giue the King a cup of spiced Ale:
A deadlye or night was neuer offered man,
Yet this false Monke vnto the King began.

The

which

Strange Histories.

Which when the king without mistrust did see,
He took the Cup of him most courteously:
But while he held the poisoned Cup in hand,
Our noble king amazed much did stand.

For casting downe by chance his princely eye,
On precious jewels which he had full eye:
He saw the colour of each precious stone,
Most strangely turne and alter one by one.

Their Orient brightnesse to a pale dead hue,
Were changed quite, the cause no person knew
And such a sweat did overspread them all,
As food like dew which on faire flowers fall,

And hereby was their precious natures tribe,
For precious stones soule payson cannot bide
But though our king beheld their colour pale,
Mistrusted not the payson in the Ile.

For why the Monke the taste before him took
For knew the king how ill he did it drinke,
And therefore he a hartie draught did take,
Which of his life a quicke dispatch did make.

Th' infectious drinke fumd by into his head:
And though the beines into the heart it spred,
Dissempering the pure unspotted braine,
That both in man his memozie maintaine.

Then felt the King an extreme grief to grow,
Through all his intrels being infected so:
Whereby he knew through anguish which he felt
The Monks with him most traiterously had delt.

The groanes he gave did make all men to wonder,
He call as if his heart would split in sunder,

And

18
Strange Histories.

And still he cald while he thereon did thinke,
For that false Monk which brought þe deadly drinke.

And the his Lordes went searching round about
In euerie place to find this Traytor out:
At length they found him dead as any stone,
Within a corner lying all alone.

For hauing tasted of that popsoned Cup,
Whereof our King the residue drunke vp,
The enuious Monk himself to death did bring
That he thereby might kill our royall king.

But when the king with wonder hard the tel,
The Monks dead body did with popson swell:
Why then my Lordes ful quickli now quoth he,
I breathlesse King you shall among you see.

Behold he said my baines in paces cracke,
A grievous torment saie I in my backe:
And by this popson deadly and accurst,
I saie my heart strings ready for to burst.

With that his eyes did turne within his head:
A pale dead colour throughe his face did spread,
And lying gasping with a cold faing breath,
The royall King was overcome by death.

His mournful Lordes which stood about him the
With al their force and troopes of warlike men:
To Worcester the corpes they did conuey,
With Dymbes & trumpet marching al þe weye.

And in the faire Cathedrall Church I find,
They buried him according to their mind:
Wher pompiously best sitting for a king,
Who wer aplauded greatly for this thing.

FINIS.

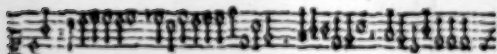
Strange Histories.

Of the Imprisonment of King Edward
the second.

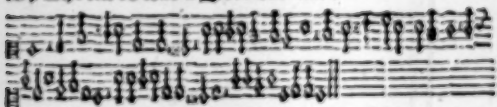
The Argument.

S The cruell imprisonment of King Edward
the second, at the Castle of Barkley,
the 22. of September. 1327.

Cant. Vj.



Of who list to lead a Soldiers life.



VVhen Isabell faire Englands Queene,
In wofull warren had victorious beene:
Our comely King her hus band deere,
Subdued by strength as did appeare,
To her was sent to prison stronge,
for having done his countrie wrong.
In Barkly Castle cast was he,
denied of royall dignitie:
Where he was kept in wofull wise,
his Queene did him so much dispise.

There

Strange Histories.

There did he live in wofull state,
such is a womans deadly hate:
When sickle fancie followes change,
and iustfull thoughts delight to range.
Lord Mowbray was so in minde
the Kings sweete love was cast behinde:
And none was knowne a greater foe,
unto King Edward in his woe:
Then Blabell his crowned Queene,
as by the sequell shall be seene.

While he in prison poorly lay,
a Parliament was helde straight way,
What time his foes apace did bring,
billes of complaint against the King:
So that the Nobles of the land,
when they the matter thoroughly scind,
Pronounced then these speeches plaine,
he was unworthy for to raigne:
Therefore they made a flat decree,
he should forthwith deposed be.

And his Sonne Edward young of yeares,
was iudged by the Noble Peeres,
Must meeke to weare the princely Crowne,
his Father being thus pulde downe.
Which wordes when as the Queene did heare:
dissemblingly as did appeare:
She wept, she waild, and wounding her handes,
before the Lordes whereas she stands:
Which when the Prince her Sonne did see,
he spoke these wordes most courteously.

My sweete Queene mother wepe not so,
thinke not your Sonne will lake your woe:
Though

Strange Histories.

Though English Lords chuse me there king,
my owne deere Father yet lining:
Think not I will thereto consent,
except my Father be content:
And with good will his Crowne resigne,
and grant it freely to be mine.
Therefore None maye think no ill,
in me or them for their good will.

Then diuers Lords without delay,
went to the King wherreas he lay:
Declaring how the matter stood,
and how the Peeres did think it good:
To chuse his Sonne there King to be,
if that he would thereto agree:
For to resigne the princely crowne,
and all his title of renowne:
If otherwise they told him plaine,
a stranger should the same attaine.

This dolefull tidings most unkind,
did soze afflict King Edwards mind:
But when he saw no remedie,
he did vnto their wi's agree:
And bitterly he did lament
saying the Lord this plague had sent:
For his offence and vanitie,
which he would suffer patiently.
Beseeching all the Lords at last,
for to forgive him all was past.

When thus he was deposed quite,
of that which was his lawfull right:
In prison was he kept full close,
without all pittie or remorse.

Strange Histories.

And those that shewd him fauour still,
were taken from him with ill will:
Which when the Earle of Kent did heere,
who was in bloud to him full nere.
He did intreate most earnestly,
for his release and libertie.

His wordes did much the Quene displease,
who said he liu'd too much at ease:
Unto the Bishop did shee goe,
of Perke's his deadly foe:
And well letters made him wright,
vnto his keepers with dispiht:
You are too kind to him quoth shee,
henceforth more straighter looke you bee:
And in their writing subtiltie,
they sent them word that he should die.

The Lord Hatreners all dismayd,
vnto Sir Thomas Courney said:
The Quene is much displeas'd quoth he,
for Edwards too much libertie,
And by her letters both bewray,
that soone he shall be made away:
Tis best, Sir Thomas then replide,
the Quenes wish should not be denide:
Thereby we shall haue her good-will;
and keepe our selues in credite still.

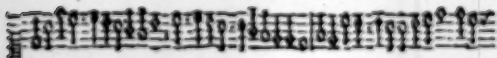
Strange Histories.

Of King Edward the second, being poysoned.

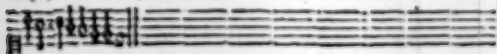
The Argument.

¶ How the King was poisoned, and yet escaped and afterward, how when they saw what thereby he was not dispatched of life, they locked him in a most noysome filthie place: that with the stinke thereof, he might be choaked, and when that preuailed not, how they thrust a hot burning spit into his fundament, till they had burnt his bowels within his bodie, whereof he dyed.

Cant. vjj.



O, how can the text:



The Kings curst keepers aiming at reward,
hoping for fauour of the furious Queene:
On wretched Edward had they no regard,
far from their hearts is mercie moued cleere
Wherefoze they mingle poyson with his meate,
which made the man most scarefull for to eate.

For

16
Strange Histories.

For by the taste he oftentimes suspected,
the venome couched in a vaintie stiber:
Yet his faire bodie was full soze infected,
so ill they spiced hath his flesh and stiber:
But his strong nature all their craft beguiles,
the popson breaking forth in blaines and bylag.

In vgly scabbe oze spreds his Rylie skinne,
foule botches breake vpon his manly face,
This soze without and sorrowfull within:
the dispende man doth lye in loathsome case:
Like to a Lazer did he then abide,
that he wex his sozes along the hieswaies side:

But when this practice pzooued not to their minde,
and that they saw he liu'd in their dispyght:
Another dam'd deuice then they finde,
by stinking saouours soz to choake him quight.
In an od cozner did they locke him fast,
hard by the which their carrion they did cast.

The stinch whereof might be compared well nix,
to that foule lake where cursed Sodome stood:
That popsoned birdes which ouer it did sit,
euen by the saour of that stichie mud:
Euen so the smell of that corrupted den,
was able soz to choake ten thousand men.

But all in vaine it would not doe God wor,
his good complexion still shoue out the same:
Like to the boyling of a seething pot.
that castes the scumme into the fierce flame:
Thus still he liu'd, and liuing still they sought,
his deatly, whose downefall was alreadie wrought.
Loathing

Strange Histories.

Loathing his life at last his keepers came,
into his chamber in the dead of night:
And without noise they entered some the same,
with weapons drawne & torches burning bright
Where the poore prisoner fast asleepe in bed
lay on his belly nothing vnder his head.

The which advantage when the murderers saw
a heauie table on him they did throw:
Wherewith awake, his breath he scant could drawe,
with waight thereof they kept him vnder so,
Then turning vp the cloathes about his hips.
to hold his legges, a couple quickly ships.

Then came the murderers, one a hoine had got,
which far into his fundament downe he thrust
Another with a spit all burning hot,
the same quite through y^e hoine he strongly pusht:
Among his intrels in most cruell wise,
forcing hereby most lamentable cries.

And while within his body they did keepe,
the burning spit still rolling vp and downe:
Most mournfully the murdered man did weepe,
whose wretched noise wakt many in the towne,
Who getting by his cries his death drew nare,
tooke great compassion on that noble Peere.

And at each bitter shriek which he did make,
they praide to God for to receiue his soule:
His gally grones inforst their hearts to ake,
yet none durst goe to cause the bell to toll
Ha me poore man alacke. alacke he cried,
and long it was before the time he dyed.

Strong

Strange Histories.

Strong was his heart, & long it was God knowes
eare it would scape unto the stroke of death:
First was it wounded with a thousand woes,
before he did resigne his vitall breath:
And being murdered thus as you doe heare,
no outward hurt vpon him did appeare.

This cruell murder being brought to passe,
the Lord Maitreux to the Court both him
To shew the Quene her will performed was,
great recompence he thought to get thereby:
But when the Quene the sequell vnderstands,
dissemblingly shee weepes and wryngs her hands.

Thy cursed traytoꝝ hast thou slaine quoth shee,
my noble wedded Lord in such a sort:
Shame and confusion euer light on thee,
How I grieve to heare this vile report:
Hence curled eature from my sight shee said,
that hath of me a wofull widow made.

Then all abash't Maitreux goes his way,
the saddest man that euer life did beare:
And to Sir Thomas Borney did bewray,
what bitter speech the Quene did giue him there:
Then did the Quene out-law them both together,
and banisht them faire Englands bounds for euer.

Thus the dissembling Quene did seek to hide,
the heinous act by her owne meanes effected:
The knowledge of the deed shee still denied,
that shee of murder might not be suspected:
But yet for all the subtiltie shee wrought,
the truth vnto the world was after brought.

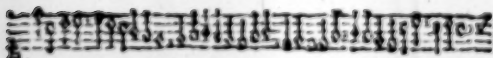


Of the Lord Matreue's and Sir Thomas
Gurney, being banished.

The Argument.

The dolefull lamentation of the lord Matre-
uers and Sir Thomas Gurney, being bani-
shed the Realme,

Cant. VIII.



On to the tune of light of loue.



As that euer that day we did see,
that false smiling fortune so fickle should bee:
Our miserie are many our woes without end,
to purchase her fauour we both did offend.
Our dooers haue deserued both sorrow and shame,
but woe woorth the persons procured the same:
Alacke, and alacke, with griefe we may crie,
that euer we forced king Edward to dye.

The

Strange Histories.

The Bishop of Hereford ill may be fere,
he wrote vs a letter toz subtiltie rare:
To kill princely Edward, feare not it is good,
thus much by his letter we then vnderstood.
But euer be the time that we toke it in hand,
to folloiw such counsell and wicked commands
Alacke, and alacke, with griefe we may crye,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

Forgiue vs Sweet Shantour that damnable deed,
which causeth with sorrow our hearts toz to bleed
And taking compassion vpon our distresse,
put far from thy presence our great wickednesse.
With teares all be dewed for mercie we crye,
and doe not the penitent mercie denie.
Alacke, and alacke, with griefe we may say,
that euer we made King Edward away.

For this haue we lost both our goods and our lands;
our Castles and towers, so scarcely that stands:
Our Ladies and babies are turnd out of doore,
like comfortlesse catines both naked and poore.
Both friendlesse and fatherlesse do they complaine,
for gon are their comforters y^e should the maintaine
Alacke, and alacke, and alas may we crye,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

And while they go wryinging their hands by a doore
in seeking for succour from towne vnto towne:
All wrapped in wretchednesse doe we remaine,
tormented, perplexed in dolour and paine.
Despised, disdaind and banished quite,
the coastes of our countrie so swarte to our sight.
Alacke, and alacke, and alas may we crye,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

Strange Histories.

Then farewell faire England wherein we were borne,
our friends & our kindred which holds us in scorn:
Our honours and dignities quite have we lost,
both profit and pleasure our fortune have crost.
Our Parks and our Chases, our mansions so faire,
our Jewels and our Jewels most precious & rare!
Alacke, and alacke, and alas may we crye,
that ever we forced king Edward to die.

Then farewell deare Ladies and most loving wives,
might we mend your miseries wth losse of our liues
Then our lilly children which begs on your hand,
in griefe and calamitie long should not stand,
Nor yet in their Countre despised should bee,
that lately was honoured of euery degree:
Alacke, and alacke, and alas we may crye,
that ever we forced king Edward to die.

In Countries vnknowne we range to and fro,
cloying mens eares wth report of our woe:
Our food is wild berries greene bankes is our bed,
the trees serue for houses to couer our head.
Browne bread to our taste is most daintie & sweete,
our drinke is cold water take vp at our feete:
Alacke and alacke and alas may we crye,
that ever we forced king Edward to die.

Thus hauing long wandred in hunger and cold,
dispising liues lastetie most desperate hold:
Sir E. Surney toward England both goe,
for loue of his Ladie distressed wth woe.
Saying howe happie and blessed were I,
to see my sweete children and wife ear I die.
Alacke, and alacke, and alas may we say,
that ever we made king Edward away.

But

Strange Histories.

But this yeares after his wofull exile,
behold how false fortune his rhoghes both beggler
Comming toward England was take by the way,
e least that he should the chief murderers be way.
Commandment was sent by one called Lea,
he should be beheaded forthwith on the sea:
Blacke, and alacke, and alas did he crye,
that ever we forced king Edward to die.

This was Sir Thomas dispatched of life,
in coming to visite his sorrowfull wife:
Who was cut off from his wished desire,
which herein his heart so much did require.
And neuer his Lady againe did he see,
nor his poore children in their miserie:
Blacke, and alacke, and alas did he crye,
that ever we forced king Edward to die.

The Lord Watreurs the Royle doth tell,
in Germanie after long time he did dwell:
In secret manner for feare to be seene,
by any persons that favoured the Queene:
And there at last in great miserie,
he ended his life most penitently.
Blacke, and alacke, and alas did they say,
that thus we made king Edward away.

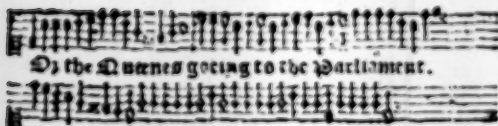


Of the winning of the Ile of Man, by the
Earle of Salisburie

The Argument.

The winning of the Yle of Man, by the noble
Earle of Salisburie,

Cant. IX.



The noble Earle of Salisburie,
With many a hardie Knight:
Most valiantly prepaire him selfe,
against the Scots to fight.
With his speare and his shield,
making his proud foes to yeild:
Fiercely on them all he ran,
to drive them from the Yle of Man:
Drummes striking on a row
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Can ta ra ra ta tan.

Chorus

Strange Histories

There shone Ensignes in the field,
most gloriously were sped:
The horsemen on their prancing steeds,
brake many a Scotchman dead:
The browne bills on their Crests sing,
the browmen with the gray Swile wings
The lute & aunce the pearting speare,
the soft flesh of their foes doe teare.
Drummes striking on a rowe,
trumpets sounding as they goe.
Can ta ra ra ra tan,

The batell was so ferece and hot,
the Scots for feare did flie:
And many a famous knight and squire,
in gorie bloud did lie:
Some thinking to escape away,
did drowne themselves within the sea:
Some with many a bloody wound,
lay gasping on the clayey ground.
Drummes striking on a rowe,
trumpets sounding as they goe.
Can ta ra ra ra tan.

Thus after many a brane exploit,
that day performed and donnet
The noble Earle of Salisburie,
the Ile of man had wonne.
Returning then most gallantlie,
with honour fame and victorie:
Like a conquerer of tame,
to Court this warlike champion came,
Drummes striking on a rowe,
trumpets sounding as they goe.
Can ta ra ra ra tan.

There

Strange Histories.

Our King reioycing at this ad,
incontinent deere
To giue the Earle this pleasant Ile,
for his most valiant deed:
And forthwith did cause him then,
for to be Crowned king of man,
Earle of famous Salisbury,
and King of man by dignitie:
Drummes striking on a row,
trumpets sounding as they goe.
Can ta ra ra tan.

Thus was the first King of man,
that euer bore that name:
Knight of the princely Garter blew,
an order of great fame:
Which haue king Edward did deuise,
and with his person royallize:
Knights of the Garter are they cald,
and eke at Winsor so installd.
With princely royaltie,
great fame and dignitie.
This knight-hood still is held.

How

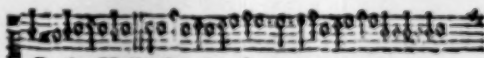
Strange Histories.

How Wat Tiler and Iacke Straw, rebel-
led against king Richard the second.

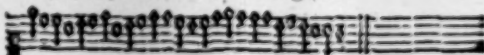
The Argument.

The rebellion of Wat Tiler and Iacke Straw,
with others, against King Richard the se-
cond.

Cant. X.



O, the Miller would a woing ride.



VVat Tiler is from Darford gon,
and with him many a proper man:
And he a Captaine is become,
marching in field with Pipe or Drumme,
Iacke Straw an other in like case,
from Essex flockes a mightie pace.
Hob Carter with his stragling traine,
Iacke Shepperd comes with him a maine:
So doth Tom Miller in like sort,
as if he ment to take some fort:
With bowes and bills, with spears and shield,
on Blache-heath have they pitcht their field,
In hundzed thousand men in all,
whose forces is not accounted small.

C 3

Ind

Strange Historics.

And for king Richard did they send,
much euill to him they did intend:
For the tax the which our king,
vpon his Commons then did bring:
And now because his royall grace,
denied to come within their Chace,
They spoiled Southwarke round about,
and took the Marshalls prisoners out:
All those that in the Kings bench lay,
at libertie they set that day,
And then they marche with one consent,
through London with a lewd intent;
And for to sit their lewd desire,
they set the Shauye all on fire,
For the hate which they did beare,
vnto the Duke of Lancastere.
Wherefore his house they burned quite,
through enuie malice and dispyghte.
Then to the Temple did they turne,
the Lawyers bookes there did they burne:
And spoiled their Lodgings one by one,
and all they could lay hand vpon.
Then vnto Smithfield did they hie,
to Saint Johns place that stands thereby,
And set the same on fire that,
which burned seuen dayes after that.
Vnto the Tower of London then,
sa't tropeu these rebellious men,
And hauing entered some the same,
with hideous cries and muchle shame:
The graue Lord Chaunceloz thence they took,
a small with fearefull pittious looke:
The Lord high Treasurer likewise they,
tooke from that place that present day:
And with their howling loud and shrill,

Crucke

Strange Histories.

Strucke off their heads on Tower hill:
Into the Citie came they then,
like rude disorderd franticke men:
They rebbd the Churches euerie where,
and put the Priests in deadly feare.
Into the Counters then they get,
where men imprisoned lay for debt:
They broke the doores and let them out,
and threw the Counter bookes about,
Tearing and spoiling them each one,
and Recorders all they light vpon.
The doores of Newgate broke they downe,
that prisoners ran about the towne:
Forcing all the Smithes they made,
to knocke the yrens from their fete:
And then like villaines beide of awe,
followed Wat Tyler and Jacke Straw.
And though this outrage was not small,
the King gave pardon to them all,
So they would part home quietly,
but they his pardon did despise:
And being all in Smithfield then,
cuen thyscore thousand fighting men,
Which there wat Tyler then did bring,
of purpose for to make our king.
And there with all his royall grace,
sent Sir John Newton to that place:
Unto Wat Tyler willing him,
to come and speake with our young king.
But the proud Rebelle in dispyght,
did picke a quarrell with the knight.
The Mayors of London being by,
when he beheld this villanie:
Unto Wat Tyler redb he then,
bring in madd of all his men:

Strange Histories.

Saying Traytor, yeelde tis best.
in the Kings name I thee arrest;
And there with to his Dagger start,
and thrust the Rebbell to the heart.
Who falling dead vnto the ground,
the saine did all the host confound;
And downe they threw their weapons all
and humbly they for pardon call.
Thus did that proud rebellion cease,
and after followed a longfull peace.

FINIS.



23

*A speeche betweene Ladies, being shep-
heards on Salisburie plaine.*

TRuely said the Ladies, this was a most hardie & couragious Mayor. that durst in the midit of so mightie a multitude of his enemies arrest so in-pudent and bold a Traytor, and kill him in the face of all his friendes, which was a deed worthie to be had in euerlasting memory and highly to be rewarded: Nor did his Majestie forget, said the Lady oxenbridge, to dignifie that braue man for his hardie deed, for in remembrance of that admired exploit, his maiestie made him Knighte, and fyue Aldermen more of the Cittie, ordayning also, that in remembrance of Sir VVil. VValworthes deede, against VVatte Tyler, that all the Mayors that were to succede in his place should be Knighted: and further he granted, that there shoulde be a Dagger added to the Armes of the Citie of London, in the right quarter of the shielde for an augmentation of the armes.

You haue tolde vs (quoth the Ladies) the end of VVat Tylor, but I pray you what became of Iacke Strawe, & the rest of the rebellious rout. I will shew you (quoth she) Iacke Straw with the rest of that rude rabble, being in the ende apprehended,

Strange Histories.

prehended (as Rebels neuer flourish long) was at last brought to be executed at London, where he confest that there intent was, if they could haue brought their vile purpose to passe, to haue murdered the King and his Nobles, and to haue destroyed so neere as they coulede: all the gentilitie of the land, hauing especially vowed the death of all the Bishops, Abbots & Monks, and then to haue enriched themselves, they determined to set London on fire, and to haue taken the spoyle of that honourable Citie, but the gallowes standing betwixt them & home, they were there trust vppon before they could effect any thing. And such ends said the ladies send all Rebels, and especially the desperate Traytors, which at this present vexeth the whole state,

With that word, one of their seruants came running, saying: Madam, the Rebels are now marched out of Wiltshire & Hampshire, making hastie steppes towards london, therefore now you need not feare to come home, and commit the flockes to there former keepers. The Ladies beeing ioyfull thereof, appointed shortly after a banquet to bee prepared, where they all met together againe, by which time the

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the Kings power hauing incoutered the Rebels on Blacke-heath, ouerthrew their whole power where the lorde Awdly was taken and committed to Newgate, from whence hee was drawne to the Tower. hill in a cote of his owne Armes painted vpon paper, reuerfed and all to torne, and ther was beheaded the 24. of Iune. And shortly after Thomas Flamocke, and Michaell Ioseph the blacke Smith were drawne, hanged & quartered after the manner of Traytors, but when the husbands to these faire ladies, came home & heard how their wiues had dealt to saue themselves in this dangerous time, they coulde not chuse but heartily laugh at the matter, saying, that such shepheards neuer kept sheepe on Salisburie plaine before.

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